

No One Stands Alone

Written by admin

Friday, 06 April 2012 08:37 - Last Updated Friday, 06 April 2012 09:03

By Debra Burgess



He stood alone among people he did not know. What brought him here was desperation. He was cold. He was lost. He was hungry. He wondered if his lot in life was to die in the streets as an unknown corpse. He felt lost in this crowd. He wondered if God were real?

The music began and he watched as many around him sang songs he did not know. He didn't feel like singing. He felt like dying. Others around him stood and raised their arms in enjoyment. He stood only because he felt like it was expected and he didn't want to be kicked out of the warm building.

The melodies warmed his heart and he remembered how much he enjoyed singing as a child. He sat down and closed his eyes to just listen. His mind faded back into memories of the past. He remembered the songs of his childhood sung in a place much like this, where people were happy to see him. They hugged and loved on him, but that was long ago.

With his eyes closed, he felt a hand upon his shoulder and just as quickly, one upon his knee. He wanted to open his eyes to see who was touching him, but it was enough to be touched in

No One Stands Alone

Written by admin

Friday, 06 April 2012 08:37 - Last Updated Friday, 06 April 2012 09:03

love. More followed and he was sure he felt half a dozen hands upon him, hearing just as many voices speaking good things about him. His heart swelled in encouragement to remember how much he was loved. An exotic fragrance came to his nostrils and he opened his eyes thinking this to be perfume and he wanted to know who wore it.

Looking around he saw no one touching him. Everyone was singing their beautiful songs and all had their hands raised in enjoyment. He realized he had been touched by heaven and cried in sobs, not caring who saw or who was near. Within moments he felt the touch of hands. Opening his eyes this time, he realized these were the hands of those who had been singing around him. People touched him and he felt their love.

A couple whispered into his ear, "brother, we will get you help".

I love to encourage the heart of people to be who they are meant to be in Christ. My hope is anything offered of myself would be pleasing first to my Heavenly Father and secondly to bring a blessing to others.

www.debrabee.org

Article Source: <http://www.faithwriters.com> - [CHRISTIAN WRITERS](#)